

Dyersville

Oct 14th 1893.

My precious Child.

Your sparkling little letter shone like a beam of light in a cave of gloom. The wind has blown a terrific gale from the North West ever since we arrived, most of the time heavily cloudy though occasionally the clouds break for a few minutes, but the blessed gap soon closes again. We have not arrived too late either, as they have been having wet weather for three weeks even up to the day we arrived. A farmer's funeral passed this morning en route to the Catholic Church the many wagon loads of mourners muffled to their eyes to stand the bitter blast.

I could do help. Thinking how lonely the
poor man was to get out of it permanently.
Papa is looking bright & well and pretends
he is enjoying himself immensely.
He is comfortably enveloped in his winter
overcoat, & I am longing for mine.
They keep a good fire in my room &
the drafty windows etc, leave nothing
to be desired in the way of ventilation.
Still I must not grumble. The room is
cheerful, the bed comfortable & the cuisine
excellent, & Mrs Cunningham does her
own cooking. I took such a terrible cold
in addition to what I already had
with that change of weather that I am
really ill. My aches & pains are all intense
and the veins in my hands most
of the time imperceptible. I feel much
as I did at Nantucket. I have only been
out of the house once since arriving,
and then had a desolate cold wind
side, my poor back aching so I could
hardly sit up. Well that's enough
about me. Mrs Limbach called
while we were out, so I have seen
no one, & don't want to. I am so glad
things are so blessedly satisfactory
in the kitchen. It seems too good to
be true that I shall even float into
calm days again. What was the import
of Alice's letter? Has she set the time of
her arrival? Mr Simklay's friends are
as thin as - well as I am. They have
built a fine new town hall, right on

Main St. It is to be fitted up for a
theatre. I am so surprised to know if
Mamma got no harm during that
sudden change, she was dressed
so lightly. & it was horribly cold in the
twinkling of an eye. Down town we
seemed to have suddenly plunged
into another world. Oak Park in summer
being Paradise, & Chicago the other place.
but the reverse of Feb. How can any body
go to the Fair & live? Uncle writes very
cheerily. Does he sealize the volcanoes
beneath his feet? Papa is talking home,
but I mean back out. We are settling any
how, & there goes the dinner bell, but Pearl
set by the fire all the morning & get an appetite

My watch became so disgusted this
morning with the weather that it stopped
for several hours. After meditating
on the subject for ~~several hours~~ ^{the entire morning}, it has
firmly decided to take up the burden
of its life again, & is now ticking away as
merrily as if it had never been discouraged
in its life. I haven't been as bad as that
anyhow, I keep my wheels going round
however feebly. I have about concluded
to buy a novel, or take to smoking.
I have even thought of Lager beer,
but so far successfully resisted the
temptation, you see there are so many
saloons, & so few occupations, & those out
side accommodations I told you of took so

inviting & the force of example is so
strong. You see that bench I told you of
opposite my window begins to fill up
before breakfast, & by ten o'clock it is decorated
from end to end by red noses, & rusty
coats, the owners shivering & passing
the weary time between drinks. Alas!
Alas! poor humanity. It is anything
but a cheerful subject. I find my
brown dress warm and comfortable.
& hope the others will be as satisfactory.
There is a new paper blowing about in
the street, it looks as if it was writhing with
the cold, and dying in agony, perhaps it is.
You see what little things engage ones mind
when it is an active one, and suddenly
cut short in its activity. Hope the new breeze
will continue to sweep along & the jolification
continue. Fondest love & Good bye from Maria.

Dyersville Hotel
Oct 26th

My dears,

We have struck a bitter cold blizzard, it is more like January than Oct. bright & clear. Though threatening yesterday, still we got a nice drive in the morning before the cold wind sprang up. Of course we have no fire either in our room, or in the parlor, so we are surely undergoing a toughening process to fit us for the winter. Mr & Mrs Alsop came down as soon as they knew we were here, & very kindly insisted on our going to stop with them, but we promised to pop in after & kept our word by calling yesterday afternoon, & they made us stay.

To supper. Aggie was not
home, but we saw Blanch
who is wonderfully like
her Mother. During our
absence Annie Simbach
& Jennie Dyer called
so I have seen no one
yet but the Aldos
& Joe Hinkley who
was at the Depot home
us & seems to have come
us with fresh kindness
every minute. He wanted
us to go right home with
him instead of going to
the Hotel. I am ready
for church & waiting for
Ernest who has gone for
a constitutional or rather
a warmer. The great ex-
citement of the town is the

new Catholic Church
which is so large & with
two enormously high
towers, that it stands
out above everything
else, like the Milan
or Bologna Cathedral.
The beams are nearly all
gone, & it looks quite
dreary. The castle
will seem very bright
after this room with
a little smoky lamp
that hardly gives light
enough to heat the poker
for stimulating purposes.
I am anxious to know
the result of the field
day, How badly the Cap

got beaten & so on, I
hope he took no cold
or accident.

After Church
Elder Butler preached his
first sermon as the
new pastor of the Methodist
here, & the congregation
has dwindled away to
almost nothing. They
had not even spirit to
raise their voices in the
hymns. A country girl
sang alone in the choir
in a dead spiritless way
& I don't think another
soul opened their mouths
except Ernest & I. We are
waiting for dinner, going
to see Priscilla this afternoon.
I must close with love to all
Yours lovingly
Nanna



Miss Grace Hall.
439 Oak Park Ave.
Oak Park.
Ill.

